

P O E M S,

B Y

S U S A N N A.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

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L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X I X .



TO THE PUBLIC.

AMONGST other characteristics of the present day, it has been distinguishingly remarked as an Age of *youthful genius*; and it is presumed, if we look round upon the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage, or even into the more private walks of life, we shall discover numberless evidence to the truth of this remark.

WHILST in other times the palm of Genius has bloomed only on the brow of withering Age, the present Æra beholds early Youth claiming that palm

as

as its own; and, surely, there never appeared an Age in which Genius was so liberally patronized, and so generously rewarded.

ENCOURAGED by this consideration, the following Poems are with the greatest deference submitted to the public eye.

THE Author of them is a young Lady of fourteen years of age*, who till lately was not known to possess any talents for poetic composition.

AFTER repeated solicitations for a sight of her poetry, she presented the Editor with these few pieces,

* As some lasses are complete women at fourteen, it may not be amiss to inform the Public, that the Author of these Poems in appearance is quite a child of her age, whom none would take to be more than about twelve years old.

which

which were signed with the name that appears in the title-page, SUSANNA*.

THEY were read with much avidity, and with as much astonishment; knowing that the fancy, the colouring, and the ideas, were all her own.

THOSE who can relish nothing below the classical elegance of a POPE, or the sublime enthusiasm of a COLLINS, will perhaps find little to amuse them in the following pages ; but methinks the true lovers of nature and simplicity will read with pleasure these artless efforts of so young a Genius, and feel themselves happy in nourishing a flower which might otherwise have withered in obscurity.

* These Poems being published without either the knowledge or consent of their Author, is the reason for the real name not appearing.

LET it not however be imagined, that these Poems are sent into the world with any view to pecuniary advantage, as both their Author and Editor are, happily, placed far above the want of such resources. The utmost which is solicited in their behalf is a little approbation, a little fame ; that, if possible, a Genius which is naturally retired and shy, may by these means be stimulated to exert itself, and brought more justly to appreciate its own force and value.

THE Editor would be doing injustice to their fair Author, if he did not avow that he has not furnished one idea through the whole of the Poems; and that the only corrections they have received from his hands have been in a few instances of trifling grammatical improprieties. With respect to other faults, he has
chosen

chosen rather to leave them, than be chargeable with imposing a spurious production on the Public.

IF one or two of the pieces are objected against, as being too simple for publication, he begs leave to say, that he has reason to believe those were written before their Author had read any poetical compositions, and that they were the mere voluntary effusions of a mind naturally contemplative and thoughtful.

OH then,

“ You who bear a Critic’s noble name,”

be tender to my rising charge; for, surely, if the Spring of her life shews so beautiful a crop, we may promise ourselves, from her Summer days, a rich, a luxuriant harvest.

B

METHINKS,

METHINKS, at some future time these feeble efforts of mine will not be wanted to introduce her to the attention of the World. Hereafter, methinks, I shall behold her fame, not (as now) glimmering with a faint and pallid lustre, but shining with the brilliancy of a diamond of the first water; not (as at present) twinkling in a meteor ray, but glowing a fixed and lucid star in the literary hemisphere.

MAY 18, 1789.

W. F. JUN.

P O E M S.

ON

QUITTING ***** HALL* FOR THE WINTER.

AND must I leave this dear retreat?

These flow'rs, these shrubs forsake?

Kind Fortune, give but this abode,

All other pleasures take.

* The summer residence of her Father, and a situation peculiarly formed for a contemplative and rural mind. The beautiful plantations, gardens, and woods, which surround the house, fully entitle it to this pathetic adieu at parting.

Here I can hail the varied sounds
 That charm the listening ear ;
 Here I can muse without disturb,
 Without that hindrance—Fear *.

The windmill slowly turning round ;
 The ships that gentle glide,
 That spread their sails, or sportive play
 Along the flowing tide ;

The birds, the sheep, all add their charms
 To paint the landskip high'r ;
 The Sun his last faint beam bestows
 To gild yon village spire.

But Summer with her colours gay,
 Ah! 'twill not always last ;
 Winter these fields, these trees will kill
 With her destructive frost,

* Her frequent and undisturbed wanderings by moon-light, for hours together, among the beautiful scenery around her, may very naturally be supposed to have excited this *seemingly* awkward apostrophe.

But then when Spring returns again
To warm the frozen ground,
To deck the landskip, she will shed
A brighter lustre round.

Now all is still, the air's serene,
There's not a leaf dares move :
This charming little spot seems form'd
For friendship and for love.

Here Nature all her various sweets
With liberal hand doth give ;
Yet not so thankful as we ought
Do we her gifts receive.

But hark ! I hear that plaintive voice
Which does so often tell,
" The time will come, when you must bid
" Your fay'rite scenes farewell."

ANOTHER,

ON THE SAME.

ADIEU, sweet spot! here many an hour
I carelessly have stray'd,
And watch'd the slow declining sun,
Nor fear'd the nightly shade.

No interruption here I found,
No rude intruding eye;
Confusion fled this happy place,
And Peace was ever nigh.

At close of eve, o'er yonder field
The humble gleaners throng,
And joyful whistle as they go,
While birds repeat the song.

But,

But, ah! the fatal day is come
 That I must from you part :
 I go ; and sorrowing do I go—
 For here I leave my heart.

With equal pleasure was I sure
 Again to visit you,
 With less regret I now should bid
 Your rural sweets adieu.

A SONG.

How soft the cooling breezes play,
While sweetly smiles the parting day!
On distant hills the sun expires,
And slow the weary bird retires.

While I unheeded tread the plain,
To banish woe I seek in vain;
For, ah! my HENRY still is dear,
For him I drop the frequent tear.

For him I spend the pensive hour
In Melancholy's gloomy pow'r;
For him in silence waste the day,
Or pour in sighs the mournful lay.

For, oh! Indifference taught his heart
To view, unmov'd, my eyes impart
What ne'er my tongue should dare reveal
While pow'r is giv'n me to conceal.

Then

Then ne'er must joy my bosom know,
 While HENRY'S image there shall glow;
 For unreturn'd what love is blest?
 And how in storms are souls at rest?

But may my HENRY happier prove,
 And only know the joys of love!
 REGARDED may he tread the plain,
 Nor seek to banish woe in vain!

THE WISH.

How vain our wishes, and how vain our sighs,
 When Folly prompts the heedless thought to stray!
 But Sorrow taught this artless wish to rise,
 And Fancy pointed out the mournful way.

From this lov'd spot with trembling haste I'd fly,
 I'd bid my friends and kindred all farewell;
 For others' sorrows I would learn to sigh,
 And steal instruction from the passing bell.

Near some lone village, where the pride of courts,
 The noise of war, ne'er met the rustic's ear;
 Some quiet spot where no vain foot resorts,
 A decent, humble cottage I would rear.

Simplicity should mark its narrow bound,
 The sable yew bespeak the owner's woe;
 A mossy cave beneath its awful shade
 Should pensively invite my footsteps low.

And

And there, when eve had spread the rising damp,
 And the young rook had sought his airy nest,
 A coffin, hour-glass, scull, a book, and lamp,
 Should teach my wand'ring steps the path to rest.

The giddy pleasures of this trifling world
 I'd strive to banish from my thoughtless mind;
 Religion's flame should teach me to behold
 The empty shadow of the scene behind.

While others dance through Fortune's flow'ry way,
 And flirt upon the wing of youthful pride,
 In this my humble cell unseen I'd stay,
 Nor boldly rush on Pleasure's faithless tide.

Thus unregarded, through this vale of tears,
 I'd wait impatient for that joyful day,
 When, having cut the thread of ling'ring years,
 To yon bright realms I'd wing my airy way.

ON

THE DEATH OF C. W. F.

IF in the power of Beauty 'tis to save
 Her fav'rites from the horrors of the grave,
 If 'tis in Innocence to smile at Death,
 And from the tyrant snatch the ling'ring breath;
 If Youth with those on earth could stay the soul,
 Thy CHARLES had liv'd—for he possess'd them all;
 Youth—Innocence—and Beauty—every grace
 Play'd on his features, and adorn'd his face.
 But, oh! he's gone; Fate has decreed his doom,
 To short-liv'd sorrow and an early tomb.
 Scarce nine swift months roll'd o'er his infant head,
 Ere to the skies his gentle spirit fled;
 To distant worlds his soul pursued its way,
 To shine in bliss, to sparkle in the day.
 This, this is happiness—But, oh! descend,
 And view the sorrow of each weeping friend;
 Behold them standing round the mournful bed,
 Gazing with anguish on the unconscious dead;
 While mem'ry points them to each happy hour
 When with fond care they watch'd the tender flow'r;

And,

And, as each gentle action rose to view,
 Their love, their happiness, their comfort grew.
 Thus sad reflection sharpens all their tears,
 And every past delight the babe endears.
 But, ah ! the depth of anguish lies untold,
 And my heart bleeds while I the scene unfold——
 * MARIA came !——but, oh ! my pen, forbear ;
 Thy strokes are faint for sorrow so severe :
 Fancy can best describe a mother's woe,
 And tell from what despair their sorrows flow.

* The infant's mother.



THOUGHTS,

WRITTEN ON AN EVENING AT THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

AH! ere to-morrow's sun goes down,
Or gilds the eastern sky,
These eyes may have forgot to weep,
This heart forgot to sigh.

Sorrow and Grief—their kindred claim
I then should all disown ;
E'en Friendship's gently soothing voice
Would then no more be known.

For, ah! for me yon branching oak
No more shall yield its shade ;
Scorch'd be the turf that wraps my grave,
And wither'd ev'ry blade!

No more my listening ear attends
 The songsters of the grove ;
 No more my feet frequent the lawn,
 And o'er the green grass rove.

My eyes no more shall greet the Spring,
 Nor watch her soften'd glow,
 While Summer calmly steals along,
 And rising flow'rets blow.

When fanning breezes gently wave
 Rich Autumn's golden store,
 That heart which oft with transport glow'd
 At this shall glow no more.

Then farewell, all ye rural scenes,
 Where Peace and Beauty dwell ;
 Where playful lambkins frisk and play,
 And birds their pleasure tell !

But see ! the evening primrose blows,
 And warns th' approach of night ;
 The sleeping winds forget to breathe,
 And faintly gleams the light.

But

But evening shades, and mournful sounds,
 Suit well my troubled heart ;
 They seem by sympathy to mourn,
 And ask to share a part.

But, ah ! what grief can they dispel ?
 Alas ! they feed my woe :
 Thus, when we seek to give relief,
 We add affliction too.

TO

MISS H. H. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SMILE, happy morn, on HARRIET's gentle head,
And let the sun a brighter radiance shed!
Hush'd be the winds, and cheerful be the day,
Blithe as is Summer, or the smiling May!
Welcome once more my HARRIET's natal hour!
O'er her fair Innocence thy wonted pow'r
Unrival'd keep—nor e'en in age forsake—
But cheer the wintry gloom, and clouds of sorrow break.

MAY'ST thou, my HARRIET, learn the ways of truth!
To others leave the vanities of youth.
Riches and pleasure crown the wish of those,
But in the nobler breast Religion glows.
Then seek HIM early who befriends thee most,
Nor on the tide of pleasure let thy all be lost.

MAY'ST thou, dear girl, a shining pattern prove,
As through the world thou dost serenely move!
O may thy life in peaceful minutes glide!
With thee may calm Content and Joy reside!

D

And

And when the summer of thy days is o'er,
 And thou shalt tread the paths of youth no more,
 May guardian angels wait thy dying breath,
 And full of years consign thee up to death ;
 Bear thy bright spirit to the realms above,
 To sing for ever thy Redeemer's love !
 But, when with wisdom and with virtue blest,
 Alike's the hour that leads the soul to rest.
 And should irrevocable Fate decree,
 That soon the world should lose a prize like thee,
 Thou'lt not repine, nor weep thy early doom,
 But love the hand that guides thee to the tomb.

UPON

THE ILLNESS OF MR. A*****.

FOR pleasing themes my lyre in vain I've strung;
 Will Sorrow's plaintive accents teach my tongue
 In sympathetic strains to charm the ear?
 Can poets' praises render friends more dear?
 Ah no! not such wild jarring notes as mine:
 They only tarnish what they mean to shine.
 A humble pray'r to Heav'n then will I send,
 To save a neighbour and a much-lov'd friend:—
 " O gracious GOD, before whom angels bow,
 " And kings their royal crowns and sceptres throw,
 " Wilt thou to wretched mortals lend an ear,
 " And wipe from Pity's eye the trickling tear?
 " O spare a life to all so justly dear!
 " But if thy ever-ruling will sees best,
 " That in the silent grave he now should rest,

" O fit him for that great important day
 " When TIME to long ETERNITY gives way!
 " O may he safely reach the distant shore,
 " Where sorrowing and sighs are heard no more!
 " On their bright wings may angels bear him home,
 " Then fly to guard his ashes in the tomb!"
 And when the trumpet's sound shall rend the graves,
 A***** with joy his narrow prison leaves,
 And to his father GOD for ever, ever cleaves.

} ~

ERSES AND LEVINA,

OR,

THE SHEPHERDESSES:

AN ECLOGUE.

SCENE, A GROVE.

TIME, SUN-SET.

ERSES.

SAY, fair LEVINA, why that sadden'd look?
Why so regardless of thy sheep and crook?
Can nought but Sorrow be a welcome guest,
Unhappy maid, within thy gentle breast?
Cannot thy ERSSES one sad moment claim,
And in thy heart read her forgotten name?

Once was a time when thou wast blythe and gay,
And join'd with me the shepherd's harmless play;
And not a happier maid e'er trod the plain,
Or led the dance, or wak'd the pleasing strain;
Content and Peace each feature painted fair,
And blooming flow'rs adorn'd thy graceful hair.

LEVINA.

LEVINA.

OH ! tell me not of happiness that's fled !
 Heap not fresh sorrows on my drooping head ;
 Feed not my present grief by past delight,
 And make my soul one black eternal night.

ERSES.

O HEAV'N forbid that I should add one pain
 To what I would diminish ! Is it vain
 To try to palliate what I cannot heal ?
 Thy heartfelt griefs no longer then conceal ;
 But tell thy tale of sorrow in mine ear,
 And I'll repay thee with a generous tear.

LEVINA.

O ERSES ! didst thou never feel a wound ?
 A THORNY ROSE-BUD hast thou ever found ?
 From my poor bleeding heart do thou beware ;
 The ROSE is gone—but, ah ! the THORN is there.

LONELY

LONELY I wander through the dusky wood,
 When the gale ceases to disturb the flood,
 And scarce a sound, that echoes through the air,
 But's tun'd to hapless love, and wild despair.
 Then do I tell the sympathetic shades,
 How mourns my heart, and every pleasure fades.
 But, ah! I soon shall cease to wander there,
 I soon shall need no flow'rs to deck my hair!
 The shepherds' play can ne'er my feet detain,
 And pipe and lute may sweetly sound in vain.
 Then blooming maids, that grace the lowly vale,
 May sigh my exit to the passing gale!

F I N I S.

For ever I wait, though the day
When the great scene is done, and I
Shall stand before the throne, and
Hail the Lord to his right hand, and
Then as I tell the story of the
How I came to this, and how I
Died, and how I came to be here,
I soon shall see the Lord, and
The Shepherd, who has led me
All these years, and who has
Given me life, and grace, and
May give me all that I need.

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